

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 33 to 35
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42.....NO. 14,920.

AN UNFIT LEADER.

The silk-workers' unions of Paterson yesterday voted by a large majority not to go on a strike for the purpose of helping the strike of the dyers' helpers. In reaching this conclusion they were probably aided by the reflection that it was not prudent to follow the leadership of Chairman James McGrath.

They should follow up their action by sitting down on Chairman McGrath and sitting down on him hard. He should be deposed from his chairmanship and retired to private life, where he will have less opportunity to disturb the peace of the community and to injure the cause of organized labor. His vindictive and abusive tirade against the State militia, who are discharging their duty under the laws of the State, would of itself be sufficient to prove that he is utterly unfit to be entrusted with the responsibility of office. His sentiments, his language and his methods are those of the Anarchist, and he is more than any other man responsible for the disturbances which have given Paterson a bad name and alienated from the underpaid dyers' helpers the sympathy of the public, to which they had appealed.

Whatever may be the merits of the question at issue between any class of silk workers and their employers, they can only be settled by temperate argument and peaceful methods. The first step in this direction is to place the leadership of the movement in the hands of some less violent person than the anarchistic Mr. James McGrath.

THE DAILY PERIL.

New York yesterday had an unusual and unpleasant experience when the customary crowd at the corner of Sixth avenue and Fifty-ninth street came near mobbing the occupants of an automobile which had run down and seriously injured a woman who was crossing the street.

New Yorkers are as a rule peaceable and orderly people, but yesterday's incident is a significant indication of the condition of public sentiment on the automobile question. Every pedestrian is a daily witness of the willful and habitual defiance of the law by the automobilists, whose numbers are rapidly increasing, and of the danger to human life caused by their recklessness. The speed of the automobile which enables its chauffeur to escape arrest calls for special provisions for enforcing the regulations, and special penalties for violating them. But the petty fines which represent the limit of the penalties thus far imposed are merely laughed at by the wealthy automobilists. They cannot be astonished that the public mind is rapidly reaching a pitch of exasperation which may make the running down of a pedestrian as dangerous for the automobilist as for the victims.

NOW FOR A BOAT RACE.

More interest would have been taken in yesterday's boat race at New London if it had decided the college championship. It was so far from doing this that even before the race there was a pretty general opinion that neither Yale nor Harvard were in the Cornell class. This opinion is endorsed this morning by Mr. Edward Hanlan, who knows something about rowing and who declares that neither Yale nor Harvard would have a ghost of a chance with the three crews that finished in the intercollegiate gathering at Poughkeepsie last Saturday.

This opinion will stand until Yale outrows Cornell. Until then Cornell will be regarded as the champion in American college aquatic.

A SPORTING EVENT.

The most interesting event in all sporting annals is advertised to come off upon the arrival from England of the Hon. Richard Croker. The Hon. John Sheehan has not only impeached the integrity of Mr. Croker but has called him a coward. Mr. Croker in return has declared that he will "mash Sheehan's face" whenever he meets him, and Mr. Sheehan declares that he will meet Mr. Croker at the dock immediately upon his landing in this country.

The event will be of unusual interest. Mr. Croker was handy with his fists some forty years ago and could probably put up a good fight now. Mr. Sheehan has the advantage in years, but he has no record in the ring, and it is noticeable that he neglected his opportunity to call Mr. Croker names until they were separated by all the width of the broad Atlantic.

It would be better if a ring could be pitched on the pier and if the fight could be pulled off under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. If admission could be charged and the proceeds given to charity the gate money would endow an orphan asylum. But that is impracticable. It will probably be a rough-and-tumble fight, something in which Mr. Croker is no slouch.

Mr. Sheehan expects the affair to come off in September. Should Mr. Croker return to make good his promise and should Mr. Sheehan not be unavoidably detained by business elsewhere the attendance of the public at the dock will eclipse the reception of Prince Henry.

And we hope the police will not interfere.

THE "PARK DISEASE."

There is a new disease in New York. It is called "the Park disease," and its victims are women and children of the tenements who are overcome by the sudden transition from the stagnant, stuffy atmosphere of their poor homes to the fresh and invigorating air of the big city's breathing spots. The cases discovered thus far, and there have been many of them, have mostly all developed in Central Park, where the health-giving breezes are bigger and balmier than elsewhere on Manhattan Island.

There isn't any reason why "the Park disease," which is a sort of syncope, should not be encouraged. It is a good disease to foster. The people who get it need it; they need the fresh air whose unsuspected and surprising balminess thus lays them low for a few moments; they are all the better for the rapid lung-cleansing which the momentary affliction effects. It would be a good thing to have more big parks and more "Park diseases" in New York. It wouldn't do any harm if the disease became really epidemic and the parks were turned into quarantine stations for the tenement dwellers all summer.

Resisting Temptation.—It must have cost a strong effort on the part of John T. Wilson, President of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, to decline the offer of the Canadian Pacific Railroad of a \$25,000 bonus and a \$5,000 salary to enter the service, but he resisted the temptation and stands by his fellow-workmen. His lofty ideal of duty should not go unrecognized.

The Funny Side of Life.

TAMMANY'S APPEAL TO CROKER.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

A PARADOX.

That paradoxes are not moribund
Is proved at Staten Island's ferry dock.
They've asked permission from the Sink-
ing Fund
To make improvements on their float-
ing stock.

HIS HOURS.

Knicker-Jones says he leads a stren-
uous life.
Bocker—Yes, he gets up with the
chickens and goes to bed with the Welsh
rabbit.

TWO SORTS.

"Why do country papers always say
the bridegroom was attired in the con-
ventional black?"
"To distinguish him from the bride-
grooms that are attired in the conven-
tional black by having a coat of tar
poured over them."

WILL ACT AS GUARDIAN.

"Take care of the pennies and the dol-
lars will take care of themselves."
"The dollars will have a hard time do-
ing it when I once get them."

BORROWED JOKES.

A JUNGLE LIMERICK.

A sore-hipped hippopotamus quite flus-
tered
Objected to a poultice made of mustard
"Can't you doctor up my hip
With something else than flip?"
So they put upon his hippopotamustard.
—Princeton Tiger.

POOR OLD RIMMON.

That wicked old heathen God Rimmon
Was sour as a young green persimmon.
For his priest upon Moloch's
Shrine slaughtered a whole ox
And only gave him half a slim one.
—Princeton Tiger.

HER HAPPY THOUGHT.

"Saw Mr. and Mrs. Hooper at the the-
atre last night, and, by the way, her
bonnet was adorned with the tail feath-
ers of a rooster. Queer taste, don't you
think?"
"Rather, but, considering the tenden-
cies of her husband, not lacking in judg-
ment."
"Oh what way, please?"

"Why, as long as there is a cocktail
handy her husband is not likely to go
out between the acts."—Richmond Dis-
patch.

SOMEBOODIES.

BACKUS, COL. V. M.—of Indianapolis, has a sword carried by Gen. William Henry Harrison in the latter's Indian campaigns.

EDWARD VII.—is said to have given \$20 toward the proposed statue to Rosa Bonheur, the animal painter, at Bordeaux.

KOHN, BISHOP—of Austria, offers for sale the golden chariot that has been in the possession of his bishopric for centuries, and its eight horses, for the benefit of the poor.

PASSOT, CHARLES—of Chicago, owns one of the oldest styles of clocks ever made. It has been in his family for over 400 years.

POND, MAJOR—the impresario, is in his sixty-fifth year, and began life as a journeyman printer. He once set type for three months with John Brown.

REED, CHARLES—the Postmaster at Menasha, Wis., is a deaf mute, and is the only deaf mute Postmaster in the world.

WAINWRIGHT, COMMANDER—has applied for relief as Superintendent of Annapolis Naval Academy and wants to go to sea again. He may, it is thought, get a battleship.

TO BLOSSOMS.

"pledge" of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so fast
As mine, my dear, for here a while
I blush and gently smile
And go at last.

... were ye born to be
An hour or half a day
And so to bid good-night
To pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

... leaves where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though never so
brave.

And after they have shown their
pride,
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.
—Robert B.

Another Use for Potatoes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
For all bad spirits bathed with witch
hazel and poultice with grated raw po-
tatoes until all the inflammation is gone,
it takes all pain away. For all bad
bruises bathe with brine of mackerel
and poultice with raw grated potatoes.
That takes away all the pain and all
the blackness caused by a bruise or a
U.S. 12121.

Better Than "Single Blessedness."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read about the "Single Blessedness
Society." If those girls who have mar-
riageable ideas would form a society to
learn cooking, washing, ironing, sewing,
sweeping, dusting and everything toward
becoming good housewives, why, there

may be a better chance of their getting
husbands. If they would start a house-
keeping society by the time leap year
rolls around they will be more capable
of managing a home than they are now.

FORMER BAYSIDE GIRLS.

Inherited Traits.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to say a few words in re-
ply to a letter upon "Destiny." In my
opinion, we have very little, if any, con-
trol over our own destinies. We are each
born with certain qualities, abilities and
weaknesses, which we get from our an-
cestors. Thus, it cannot be to a man's
credit if he is naturally kind, nor to his
discredit if he is a bit of a savage. These
are the hereditary qualities and no man
has any control over his possession of

them. They may, however, be very
much modified by environment, and it
is possible that in several generations
certain qualities in a family might be
extinguished by means of it. Environ-
ment plays a large part in individual
destinies. Conditions of school life, com-
panionship, teachers, workmates, cli-
mate and character of the country all
have a part in deciding the kind of man
one is to be. It is strange we are not
wiser.

GILBERT BELBIN.

An Optimist.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
This is the coolest, loveliest season I
can remember for this time of year.
Let's stop kicking at overwork and soft
coal, and high-priced beef, for a min-
ute, and be thankful we've been so

comfortably cool at a season when we
are usually gasping, perspiring and
sweating. There is a time for being
grateful as well as for grumbling. By
the way, it is a wonder no scientist has
tried to connect the unnaturally cool
weather of the latter part of June with
atmospheric conditions caused by the
Mount Pelee blowout. FRANKLIN.

An Unruly Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Could readers advise me what could
be done with a big strapping boy of
sixteen, who does not want to work
and whose parents have no control over
him whatsoever? His mother is a hard-
working woman and it is impossible
for her to get up with his conduct any
longer.



The Funny Side of Life.

TAMMANY'S APPEAL TO CROKER.



"Come back to Gotham, oh, Dickie, mavourneen!"
Come back again to the town of thy graft.
Come back here and soak the Sport, Two Spot and Joke—
If the doughboat ain't workin' we'll send you a raft."

SOMEBOODIES.

BACKUS, COL. V. M.—of Indianapolis, has a sword carried by Gen. William Henry Harrison in the latter's Indian campaigns.

EDWARD VII.—is said to have given \$20 toward the proposed statue to Rosa Bonheur, the animal painter, at Bordeaux.

KOHN, BISHOP—of Austria, offers for sale the golden chariot that has been in the possession of his bishopric for centuries, and its eight horses, for the benefit of the poor.

PASSOT, CHARLES—of Chicago, owns one of the oldest styles of clocks ever made. It has been in his family for over 400 years.

POND, MAJOR—the impresario, is in his sixty-fifth year, and began life as a journeyman printer. He once set type for three months with John Brown.

REED, CHARLES—the Postmaster at Menasha, Wis., is a deaf mute, and is the only deaf mute Postmaster in the world.

WAINWRIGHT, COMMANDER—has applied for relief as Superintendent of Annapolis Naval Academy and wants to go to sea again. He may, it is thought, get a battleship.

TO BLOSSOMS.

"pledge" of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so fast
As mine, my dear, for here a while
I blush and gently smile
And go at last.

... were ye born to be
An hour or half a day
And so to bid good-night
To pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

... leaves where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though never so
brave.

And after they have shown their
pride,
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.
—Robert B.

Another Use for Potatoes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
For all bad spirits bathed with witch
hazel and poultice with grated raw po-
tatoes until all the inflammation is gone,
it takes all pain away. For all bad
bruises bathe with brine of mackerel
and poultice with raw grated potatoes.
That takes away all the pain and all
the blackness caused by a bruise or a
U.S. 12121.

Better Than "Single Blessedness."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read about the "Single Blessedness
Society." If those girls who have mar-
riageable ideas would form a society to
learn cooking, washing, ironing, sewing,
sweeping, dusting and everything toward
becoming good housewives, why, there

may be a better chance of their getting
husbands. If they would start a house-
keeping society by the time leap year
rolls around they will be more capable
of managing a home than they are now.

FORMER BAYSIDE GIRLS.

Inherited Traits.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to say a few words in re-
ply to a letter upon "Destiny." In my
opinion, we have very little, if any, con-
trol over our own destinies. We are each
born with certain qualities, abilities and
weaknesses, which we get from our an-
cestors. Thus, it cannot be to a man's
credit if he is naturally kind, nor to his
discredit if he is a bit of a savage. These
are the hereditary qualities and no man
has any control over his possession of

them. They may, however, be very
much modified by environment, and it
is possible that in several generations
certain qualities in a family might be
extinguished by means of it. Environ-
ment plays a large part in individual
destinies. Conditions of school life, com-
panionship, teachers, workmates, cli-
mate and character of the country all
have a part in deciding the kind of man
one is to be. It is strange we are not
wiser.

GILBERT BELBIN.

An Optimist.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
This is the coolest, loveliest season I
can remember for this time of year.
Let's stop kicking at overwork and soft
coal, and high-priced beef, for a min-
ute, and be thankful we've been so

comfortably cool at a season when we
are usually gasping, perspiring and
sweating. There is a time for being
grateful as well as for grumbling. By
the way, it is a wonder no scientist has
tried to connect the unnaturally cool
weather of the latter part of June with
atmospheric conditions caused by the
Mount Pelee blowout. FRANKLIN.

An Unruly Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Could readers advise me what could
be done with a big strapping boy of
sixteen, who does not want to work
and whose parents have no control over
him whatsoever? His mother is a hard-
working woman and it is impossible
for her to get up with his conduct any
longer.

ODDITY CORNER.

A BIG WOODEN CHIMNEY.

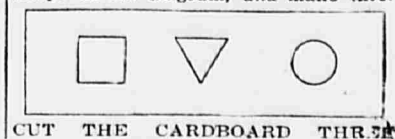
This curious struc-
ture, which is proba-
bly the only one of its
kind in the world,
stands in Durango,
Mexico, and has been
in constant use for
four years. Remote-
ness from any source
of brick or stone was
the cause of its con-
struction. The chim-
ney proper is about
ten feet square and
more than two hun-
dred feet high. It is
made of inch boards
and is lined with
sheet iron. The scaff-
olding which sur-
rounds the chimney
serves to stiffen it and
prevent its being
blown down by the
wind.

The chimney has
never caught fire, al-
though it receives the
gases from six smelt-
ing furnaces, each of
sixty tons' capacity.
It should be added,
however, that the
gases are cooled con-
siderably in passing
through brick conduits from the furnaces to the oven.



THE PLUG PUZZLE.

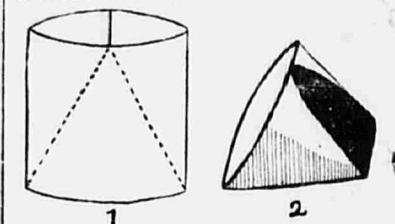
This is an old trick, but a good one,
worth reviving. Cut a piece of card-
board about four inches long, of the
shape of the diagram, and make three



CUT THE CARDBOARD THREE
TIMES THIS SIZE.

holes in it, as represented. The puzzle
is to make one piece of wood to pass
through, and also exactly to fill, each
of the three holes.

So that young readers of The Even-
ing World may be able to puzzle their
friends with it, we give the solution of
this mystery. Take a round cylinder
of the diameter of the circular hole,
and of the height of the square hole.
Having drawn a straight line across
the end, dividing it into two equal
parts, cut an equal section from either
side to the edge of the circular base, a
flange like that represented by the
cut below would then be produced, which
would fill the required conditions. The
plug is pictured large here so that the
readers may get a perfect idea of how
to cut it.



CUT PLUG TO EXACTLY FIT HOLE.

ANNEXING THE SEA.

An ancient royal charter conferred on
the Mayor and corporation of the city
of Cork jurisdiction "over the harbor,
as well as the rivers, creeks and bays
within the same," and this jurisdiction
is maintained by marking its boundary
every three years by casting into the
sea, at a point about three miles out-
side the harbor, a dart or javelin, to
mark the seaward bounds of these
rights. On such occasions the Mayor
proceeds in state to the point in ques-
tion, accompanied by the members of
the corporation and a number of the
leading citizens, and performs the an-
cient ceremony. The present Lord
Mayor performed the ceremony in the
presence of a large company on May 25
last.

A KANSAS TAX-DOGDGER.

Editor Richards, of the Wellington
(Kan.) Mail, has been exploring the tax
list of that town, and is roused to in-
dignation by the fact that the leading
bank of the town pays taxes on \$80
worth of personal property, while a bar-
ber who runs a shop in the basement of
the bank pays on \$120 worth. Editor
Richards concludes that something must
be wrong, and hints darkly that the
barber must be rich as Pluto or Plutus
—he is not sure which.

SEATS IN CONGRESS.

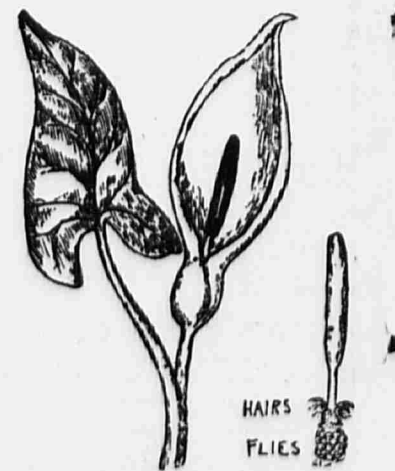
Under the law, every contestant for a
seat in Congress is allowed \$2,000 for ex-
penses. Provided the contest is regular,
and it is remarkable that in nearly every
such case the contestant finds that his
expenses foot up just the \$2,000. Con-
gressman Tompkins, of the Twelfth
Ohio District, whose seat was contested
by John J. Lentz, is a notable excep-
tion to the general rule. Mr. Tompkins
sent in a bill for \$1,999.95, positively re-
fusing to charge the Government a
penny more than was right.

A POE SANCTUM.

It has been discovered that the build-
ing in Richmond, Va. wherein Poe ed-
ited the Southern Literary Messenger,
is still in existence, and it is proposed
to place a suitable commemorative tab-
let on its walls.

This isn't a Chinese laundry ticket. It is a collection of
meaningless hieroglyphics devised by a World artist for the
purpose of puzzle solvers. If you fold these lines properly
you will bring portions of them in juxtaposition so that you
can read down the column the name of the foremost Ameri-
can of to-day.

A FLOWER'S PETS.



You didn't know plants ever kept pets,
did you? Well, they do, and here is the
picture of one, which does.

The calla lily or wild arum has a very
strong smell, that little flies like very
much, and they crawl down the spadix
through the little fringe of hairs, right
down till they get to the bottom.

Now, though they can get down, they
can't possibly get up through the fringe
of hairs again, and so there they have
to stay, the arum giving them very
sweet and delicious food. By and by the
hairs on the arum shrivel up, and then,
before the flies can go home again,
and when they go they are covered with
pollen, and generally the flies are so
greedy that they fly off to the next
arum and get that one to do them
for a bit, and so on. But the arum
makes them useful, too, you see, by mak-
ing them carry pollen from flower to
flower.

BUTTERFLY SLEEP.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep
head downward on a stem of grass,
with its wings tightly folded.

TOMLINSON'S STAG PARTY.

And How the Bishop Attended It.

When Tomlinson went home the other night the front door
opened automatically before him, and once inside he was
clutched frantically by his wife, says the Chicago News.
Tomlinson knew the signs and backed up against the friendly
wall.

"Who's the company this time?" he asked feebly.
"It's the Bishop," said his wife. "Now, Jim, I do want
you to be on your very best behavior. Don't tell any of your
horrid yarns and do act like the sweet fellow you really are."
"Here's the point," Tomlinson broke in, stern resolve in his
voice. "I'm going to have a stag party here to-night and
I'm going to have it. It's the only night Barton can be here
with the old fellows for five years to come, and he's going
to be here. Barton will receive a polite invitation from
his host to join the high jinks, which he will be at perfect
liberty to decline. Your husband will act the perfect gen-
tleman at dinner, and after it, for that matter, but there is
to be a lot of fun after that. Don't cry, Madge. It can't
be helped. I never kicked over before without warning, but
things had to move quick to-day to get it up and I can't call
it off. But you the Bishop won't care two raps."

Mrs. Tomlinson went off and cried just enough to ease
her mind and then it was time for dinner.

After all, dinner passed off very well with nothing to
Tomlinson's discredit and much appreciation of Tomlinson's
brilliance on the part of the guest of honor. Dinner over,
the Bishop was told of the informal gathering to follow and
claimed Barton as an old friend. Tomlinson, who had al-
ready voted the Bishop a nice old thing, carried him off to
the library, where he was by the small and carefully se-
lected party joined them. Mrs. Tomlinson sat in solitude in
the drawing-room, ready to receive the Bishop when he
should flee from his noisy surroundings. Hour after hour
went by. Finally she looked up to see Tomlinson standing
before her. He waved frantically toward the telephone
with a whispered direction to his wife.

"More!" Mrs. Tomlinson gasped. "Jim, I wouldn't pretend
to say how many bottles that man brought in to-night!"
"Run short!" repeated Tomlinson. "Telephone for some
more and be quick about it, there's a good girl!"

Mrs. Tomlinson got up and went to the telephone, dis-
mayed and disgraced.

"What will the Bishop say?" she half moaned.
Tomlinson grinned. "It was the Bishop who said I'd got
to order more."